

Buko Lidgi



This is my father Buko Lidgi at the time when he was studying in Switzerland. This is half of the photo. The other half was cut off or torn. The photo was probably taken between 1914 and 1920. There is no inscription or stamp on the back.

My father, Buko Aaron Lidgi, was born on 29th March 1892 in Vidin and died on 19th February 1941 in Sofia. He acquired education that was considered high at that time. He attended a Trade School of Higher Education in Vienna. While abroad he caught tuberculosis of the bone joint and his parents sent him to Switzerland to undergo medical treatment. He spoke German, Romanian, Ladino and Bulgarian. His life in central Europe had put a mark on the formation of his views as well as on his appearance. The western-European education built in him a broad-minded view of the world in which the focus was on the values common for whole Europe and not on the religiousness and the strict keeping of traditions and religious requirements. At his insistence I enrolled at a Bulgarian school of general education, not at a Jewish school. There appeared certain tension in his relation with his sister Rashel because of the money their parents spent on his education and medical treatment. Aunt Rashel didn't acquire any education. In spite of the fact that he had a slight limp and wore a little walking stick due to his illness, he was a handsome man - an eligible match for many girls. Later, I can't say when exactly, aunt Rashel married her husband - Haim Pankas - and had two daughters, Sarah and Reyna. In the 1950s her family left for Israel.

My mother told me that in order to get separated from the heavy atmosphere in the family in the 1920s, she went to visit a distant relative from grandpa Itzhak's kin, whose name was Tiyasumha. She lived in Vidin. In the house next door lived my father's family. At that time he was in

Switzerland but had come back to ask permission from his parents to propose to a Swiss girl. He saw my mother and some emotions arose in him. He felt attracted by her modesty, by her unostentatious presence. He went back to Switzerland but his desire to marry the Swiss girl had faded. He started writing letters to my mother all the time but she didn't respond because, at the beginning, she had a friendship with a Bulgarian man. His name was Stephan. At a certain moment there occurred some cooling in the relationship caused by the boy - a Bulgarian and only then did my mother write to my father that she was ready to accept his proposal. My father had proposed on several occasions in his letters but she rejected him, he even had a very valuable ring, which he wanted to give her. My mother didn't accept it because she was very proud and considered this as a kind of commitment. This ring used to be something really remarkable, but unfortunately it was stolen from him in Romania. So they got engaged regardless of her difficult financial situation. She didn't even have a dowry - ashougar. They managed to get engaged - the engagement took place on 3rd September 1923.